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**TRUE CASES OF ACTUAL CRIMES**

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# COMBINATION: D-E-A-T-H!



IN ALL THE ANNALS OF CRIME, THERE HAS NEVER BEEN SUCH AN EXPERT GANG OF SAFE-CRACKERS AS THE ONE THAT RICK BAXTER ASSEMBLED IN THE LATE 1920's. EVERY MAN WAS A SPECIALIST, TRAINED IN THE USE OF THE OXY-ACETYLENE TORCH, THE CROWBAR, THE DYNAMITE DETONATOR. YES, RICK BAXTER HAD DEVELOPED THE ART OF SAFE-CRACKING INTO A FINE SCIENCE... UNTIL HE CAME UP AGAINST A COMBINATION THAT SPELLED HIS DOOM!

FOR THREE YEARS THE BAXTER GANG HAD THE SAFE MANUFACTURERS AND A THOUSAND SAFE OWNERS TREMBLING IN THEIR PAIR--FOR NO SAFE OR VAULT COULD WITHSTAND THE SKILLED DISSENTMENT OF BAXTER'S HENCHMEN...

HA-- THIS NEW OXY-TORCH IS CUTTIN' THROUGH LIKE A HOT KNIFE AGAINST BUTTER!

HURRY IT UP! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET MY HITS ON THOSE DIAMONDS INSIDE!



BUT FOR ONCE THE SAFE MANUFACTURERS WON A ROUND IN THEIR BATTLE OF INDEFINITY AGAINST THE BAXTER GANG. AS THE TORCH BURNED THROUGH THE VAULT DOOR, IT ALSO BURNED THROUGH A BATTERY OF TEAR-GAS TANKS ATTACHED TO THE INSIDE OF THE DOOR...

NOW I'LL JUST CUT A HOLE BIG ENOUGH TO--

HEY-- WHAT'S THAT SMOKE POURIN' OUTA THE SAFE?





*RICK HAD JAKE GEDNEY TRAILED WHEN HE WAS RELEASED FROM STATE PRISON... AND A FEW NIGHTS LATER, IN THE FURNISHED ROOM JAKE HAD RENTED...*

I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF YOU OR YOUR GANG, BAXTER! I LEARNED MY LESSON IN STIR AND I'M GOING STRAIGHT FROM NOW ON!

MAYBE YOU NEED TO BE TAUGHT ANOTHER LESSON, JAKE—

—THAT IT AIN'T HEALTHY TO SAY "NO" TO RICK BAXTER!

BEAT ME ALL YOU WANT, BUT YOU STILL WON'T MAKE ME COME IN WITH YOU!

YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR TUNE WHEN YOU FIND THERE'S NO OTHER WAY FOR YOU TO MAKE ANY DUGH! NOBODY'LL HIRE AN EX-CON SAFECRACKER, SO WE'LL LOOK UP AGAIN WHEN YOU'RE GOOD AND HUNGRY!

*DESPERATE, JAKE REPORTED RICK'S VISIT TO DETECTIVE MILES JENKINS...*

I WANT TO GO STRAIGHT... TO KEEF OUT OF BAXTER'S CLUTCHES, BUT I WON'T BE ABLE TO UNLESS I CAN GET AN HONEST JOB AND EARN A LIVING WITHOUT GOING BACK TO SAFECRACKING!

I BELIEVE YOU HAVE REFORMED, JAKE, AND I'LL HELP YOU!

I KNOW AN HONEST JOB YOU'D BE PERFECT AT— A JOB WITH THE SAFE AND VAULT REPAIR COMPANY! THAT'S THE OUTFIT THAT GETS CALLED IN WHEN A STUCK VAULT DOOR HAS TO BE OPENED, OR WHEN SOMEONE FORGETS THE COMBINATION OF A SAFE AND WANTS IT OPENED IN A HURRY!

THAT'S RIGHT UP MY ALLEY!

*LATER, IN THE OFFICES OF THE SAFE AND VAULT REPAIR COMPANY...*

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. THOMPSON... I'LL PERSONALLY VOUCH FOR JAKE GEDNEY'S RELIABILITY!

WELL, I'LL HIRE HIM ON A TRIAL BASIS! I'LL GO OUT WITH HIM ON ALL ASSIGNMENTS UNTIL I'M SURE HE KNOWS THE JOB AND CAN BE TRUSTED!

*JAKE GEDNEY STARTED HIS NEW JOB THE NEXT DAY, UNWARE THAT HE WAS BEING TRAILED BY BAXTER'S HENCHMAN...*

THAT'S A NICE SNOOPIN' JOB YOU DID, FRANKIE! WE CAN TAKE A VACATION NOW! BY THE TIME WE GET BACK, JAKE'LL BE GONE! OUT ON HIS JOB CALLS HIMSELF... AND THAT'S

WHEN WE STEP IN TO MAKE A FORTUNE!

**IN A SHORT TIME, JAKE'S SKILLED FINGERS AND STORE OF SAFECRACKING KNOWLEDGE MADE HIM INVALUABLE TO HIS COMPANY... AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE HE GAINED THE COMPLETE CONFIDENCE OF HIS EMPLOYER...**

AM, I'VE GOT IT...  
I CAN HEAR THE  
TUMBLERS FALLING  
INTO PLACE!

WONDERFUL! I WAS  
AFRAID YOU'D HAVE TO  
RUIN THE SAFE TO  
GET IT OPEN!

YOU DID A MARVELOUS  
JOB IN GETTING THAT  
VAULT DOOR OPEN,  
MR. GEDNEY!

OH, IT WASN'T SO  
HARD TO DO

NOT WHEN I REMEMBER  
HOW I BUSTED INTO THIS  
SAME BANK VAULT TEN  
YEARS AGO!

THIS IS THE ONLY WAY  
TO GET THIS ONE OPEN!  
BUT IT WON'T COST  
MUCH TO GET A NEW  
COMBINATION DIAL!

I'M GOING TO WRITE THE  
NEW COMBINATION DOWN,  
TO MAKE SURE I DON'T  
FORGET IT THE DAY I  
FORGET THIS ONE!

THERE'S NO NEED FOR ME  
TO GO OUT WITH YOU ON  
ANY MORE CALLS, JAKE!  
YOU KNOW MORE ABOUT  
SAFES THAN I EVER WILL  
--AND I TRUST YOU  
EXPLICITLY!

THANKS, MR. THOMPSON.  
I'LL NEVER LET YOU  
DOWN FOR STYING ME  
A CHANGE AT AN  
HONEST LIFE!

**When RICK BAXTER GOT BACK FROM HIS "VACATION"**

THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR--JAKE  
GEDNEY GON' OUT ON HIS JOB ALL BY HIS  
LONESOME! FOLLOW ME, FRANK!

**AN HOUR LATER, AT HIS FIRST STOP, JAKE FROZE IN THE ACT OF GETTING OUT HIS TOOLS! AT HE FELT THE HARD NOSE OF A PISTOL JAMMED INTO THE SMALL OF HIS BACK...**

BAXTER! WHAT--  
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

JUST PRETEND WE'RE  
YOUR HELPERS, AND SO ON  
WITH YOUR JOB! IF YOU DON'T,  
I'LL FILL YOU SO FULL OF  
HOLES YOU'LL LOOK LIKE A  
SCREEN DOOR!

**JAKE LOOKED AROUND DESPERATELY FOR A POLICEMAN, AND SAW NO ONE WHO COULD HELP HIM. HE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO OBEY RICK BAXTER...**

BUT MR. THOMPSON TOLD ME OVER THE PHONE THAT  
HE WAS SHOWING ONLY YOU, MR. GEDNEY!

HE--ER--HE  
CHANGED HIS MIND! THESE  
ARE MY  
ASSISTANTS!

YEAH, LET'S GET  
TO WORK!



**STILL AT AIRPORT, JAKE WAS FORCED TO DRIVE HIGH AND FRANKIE AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...**

WELL, SO YOUR NEXT STOP WAS TO OPEN A STUCK SAFE AT THE ACME ASSEMBLY PLANT, EH? WELL, WE'LL PULL THE SAME KIND OF JOB THERE, JAKE!

TODAY'S FRIDAY! THERE'S SURE TO BE A BIG PAYROLL AT THAT PLANT... AND SOME ARMED GUARDS! MAYBE BARTER WILL GET WHAT'S COMING TO HIM THERE!



**HALF AN HOUR LATER, AT THE ACME PLANT...**

I'M GLAD MR. THOMPSON SENT THREE MEN TO HELP OPEN OUR SAFE! WE'D LIKE IT DONE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, BECAUSE ALL OUR EMPLOYEES ARE WAITING FOR THEIR PAY!

IF MR. SEDNEY DOESN'T OPEN IT, WE'VE GOT SOME SPECIAL DRILLING TOOLS HERE THAT'LL DO THE TRICK!



**SOON...**

GOOD WORK! NOW I'LL GET THE MONEY AND —

NOW WE'LL GET THE MONEY! NOBODY ELSE MOVE!



IT'S A STICKUP! ELAST! YEA, HURRY — AAGHHH!

I WARNED YOU NOT TO MOVE... AND NOW YOU'LL NEVER MOVE AGAIN, SUCKER!



YOU—YOU KILLED THEM!

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO ANYONE WHO DOESN'T DO AS I SAY! AS SOON AS FRANKIE GETS ALL THE DOUGH, YOU RUN THE TRUCK, JAKE! AND REMEMBER — I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



**DAVID, FEELING THAT HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDER OF THE TWO GUARDS, JAKE HASTILY FOLLOWED RICK BARTER'S ORDERS... UP TO A POINT...**

THAT'S IT, PULL UP BETWEEN THOSE TREES! WE'RE FAR ENOUGH FROM TOWN SO THE COPS WON'T FIND US! WE'LL HIDE OUT HERE UNTIL TONIGHT... WHEN WE PULL OUR NEXT JOB!

I'LL PULL UP, BUT THERE WON'T BE ANY NEXT JOB FOR ME! I'LL TAKE NO MORE PART IN MURDER!



YOU'RE GONNA HELP US CRACK THAT SAFE AT THE ATLAS EXPLOSIVE POWDER COMPANY... OR ELSE!







I'VE BEEN PLANNIN' THIS CAPER FOR A LONG TIME! ATLAS PAYS ITS HELP ON SATURDAY, SO THERE'S ALWAYS A BIG PAYROLL IN THE SAFE ON FRIDAY NIGHT! BUT WE CAN'T DO A BURIN JOB, BECAUSE EVEN A SPARK COULD TOUCH OFF ALL THAT POWDER IN THE PLANT! SO WE NEED YOU!

NO? I WON'T HELP YOU IN ANY MORE KILLINGS!



THERE WON'T BE ANY KILLINGS... IF YOU DO AS I SAY! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS KATO ONE NIGHT WATCHMAN, AND THE PLANT IS OURS!



WHAT'LL IT BE, JAKE? ARE YOU IN WITH US... OR DO I KICK YOUR BRAINS OUT?

STEEL TAPS ON HIS SHOES... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

I-I'M IN WITH YOU!

*HOURS LATER, AT THE ATLAS EXPLOSIVE POWDER PLANT, JACK DISPOSED OF THE NIGHT WATCHMAN EARLY ENOUGH...*



... AND THEN JAKE WENT TO WORK WITH HIS TALENTED FINGERS...

THAT DID IT! BYES ALL YOURS!



WHEN, WHAT A HAUL! OKAY, JAKE, START DRAGGIN' THESE TWO SACKS OUT TO THE TRUCK! WE WANNA MAKE OUR HANDS... AND OURS... FREE, JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T TRY ANYTHIN' FUNNY!



OUT THROUGH THE PLANT THEY STARTED...

IT'S A CONCRETE FLOOR— I'M IN LUCK! NOW TO TRY MY PLAN.

NO SMOKING

WEAR RUBBER SOLE SHOES ONLY

JAKE PRETENDED TO TRIP AND...

LOOK OUT! THAT  
BUN DOOR'S  
FALLING!

OOPS---  
I TRIPPED...!



AS HUNDREDS OF POUNDS OF EXPLOSIVE POWDER  
POURED DOWN FROM THE BUN ONTO THE TWO GUNMEN...

WHOW!

PERFECT THING...  
IT JUST  
MISSED ME!



WHEN RICK AND FRANKIE STRUGGLED TO THEIR FEET...

HE TRICKED US...  
(GASP)...  
I'LL BLAST HIM!

NO, YOU FOOL! ONE SHOT, ONE  
SPARK, WOULD BLOW US SIX-  
HIGH WITH ALL THIS POWDER  
IN THE AIR! C'MON (GASP)...  
RUN AFTER HIM! HE'S WEIGHED  
DOWN BY THOSE BAGS... WE'LL  
CATCH UP TO HIM OUTSIDE!



BUT RICK FORGOT ONE THING THAT JAKE DEEPLY  
HOPED HE'D FORGET... THE FACT THAT STEEL TAPS  
SHARPLY HITTING A CONCRETE FLOOR WOULD  
PRODUCE THAT SPARK...



... SPARKS THAT WOULD BE  
ENOUGH TO TOUCH OFF THE  
EXPLOSIVE POWDER IN THE AIR...  
ENOUGH TO BLOW TWO GUNMEN  
TO BITS...



WHILE OUTSIDE, AS A POLICE CAR  
SCREAMED TOWARD THE SCENE OF  
THE EXPLOSION...

I-I SERVED

THE MONEY... I'VE GOT ALL THE  
LOOT FROM THE OTHER JOBS!  
MAYBE WHEN I TURN IT OVER TO  
THE POLICE AND TELL THEM WHAT  
REALLY HAPPENED, THEY'LL  
BELIEVE ME? MAYBE THEY WON'T  
SEND ME BACK TO STIR!



AND JAKE DEENEY, THE MASTER  
SPEECHKICKER WHO HEN'T  
STRAIGHT, WAS BELIEVED...

WHEN THE REST OF THE UNDER-  
WORLD HEARS HOW YOU TOOK  
CARE OF RICK BAXTER, NO OTHER  
CRIMINAL WILL TRY TO MAKE USE  
OF YOUR TALENTS! SO I HEREBY  
SENTENCE YOU TO A LIFETIME  
OF HONEST WORK... AT YOUR  
OLD JOB!



THE END

# DOUBLE IN BLOOD

*MIKE LOONIS WAS THROUGH THE PACKETS HE HAD BUILT HERE SMASHED AND A DEPORTATION ORDER HUNG OVER HIS HEAD. SINCE OUT OF THE COUNTRY, MIKE KNEW HE WOULD ONLY BE A POOR SLUR. SO WITH HIS GOODRIDE BEHIND HE DEVISED A SCHEME OF ASTONISHING PROPORTIONS, ONE THAT WOULD CONCEAL HIS IDENTITY COMPLETELY AND ENABLE HIM TO STAY IN THE COUNTRY WHILE A STORGE DOUBLE TOOK THE OCEAN-CROSSING RAP. IT WORKED WITHOUT A hitch UNTIL MIKE GREW CARELESS AND FINALLY HAD TO PAY... DOUBLE IN BLOOD.*



WHY, MIKE? NO ONE COULD RECOGNIZE YOU! IT'S THE BEST PLASTIC SURGERY I EVER — NO...? DON'T!

ALRIGHT!

IT'S A GREAT JOB, DOC! SO GOOD, I'M AFRAID YOU'LL TALK ABOUT IT! MIKE LOONIS IS DEAD TO THE WORLD AND NOW YOU GOTTA OBE TO HELP KEEP MY SECRET!

*NOT LONG BEFORE THE SURGERY, MIKE LOONIS HAD BEEN FOUND GUILTY ON THIRTEEN COUNTS, AND THE VERDICT WAS DEPORTATION.*

*MIKE'S MIND MOVED WITH LIGHTNING CALCULATION. HE HAD TO STAY.*



DEPORTATION? BUT, JUDGE, THIS IS THE ONLY COUNTRY I KNOW. SEND ME TO JAIL, ANYTHING, BUT DON'T DEPORT ME!

MIKE LOONIS, YOU'VE BROKEN A DOZEN OF THIS COUNTRY'S LAWS. YOU SHOW NO RESPECT OR LOVE FOR YOUR ADOPTED LAND. THIS COUNTRY DOESN'T WANT YOU!

YOUR HONOR, GIVE ME A LITTLE TIME! YOU CAN'T JUST THROW ME ON A BOAT AND SEND ME AWAY! I GOT FAMILY, FRIENDS, BUSINESS TO WIND UP!

VERY WELL, THE COURT GRANTS A STAY OF THREE WEEKS TO ALLOW FOR YOUR PERSONAL AFFAIRS. BAIL IS SET AT TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!



LATER, AT HIS PENTHOUSE FLAT, MIKE'S RAGE ABOKE LOOSE



OF ALL THE HOTTEN TRICKS!  
DEPORT ME—MIKE LOOKS!  
I COULD TEAR  
THAT JUDGE'S  
HEART OUT!

BOSS, TAKE IT EASY!  
THIS AIN'T GONNA GET  
YOU NOWHERES! MAYBE  
THERE'S A WAY OF  
BEATING THIS RAP!



WOLBENNY, THIS TIME THEY'VE  
NAILED ME! THERE AIN'T A  
LOOPHOLE LEFT! YOU CAN'T  
FIGHT THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT  
OR BUY THEM OFF!

IT'S TOUGH, BOSS,  
BUT MAYBE YOU'VE GOT  
SOME RELATIVES IN  
THE OLD COUNTRY,  
SO YOU WOULDN'T BE  
ALL ALONE!

A SMILE GLEE SET MIKE'S MIND RACING



RELATIVES? / HEY, THIS MAY BE THE ANSWER TO ALL  
MY TROUBLES! LISTEN, REMEMBER MY STUPID COUSIN  
LOUIS WHO'S ON OUR PAYROLL  
UP IN TROY? I WANT HIM  
HERE TOMORROW MORNING!  
BRING HIM IN THE  
BACK WAY!

YEAH, I REMEMBER  
HIM! HE'S THE  
SPITTIN' IMAGE OF  
YOU!

BENNY FOUND LOUIS AT THE GAMBLES HEADQUARTERS



MIKE WANTS TO SEE ME? I AIN'T  
DONE NOTHIN' WRONG! THE MACHINES  
ARE PAWIN' OFF! WHAT AM I IN  
A JAM FOR?

STONK, STUPID,  
YOU'RE  
WANTED! DON'T  
ASK TOO MANY  
QUESTIONS!

EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING



WELL, WHAT  
DO YOU THINK,  
BENNY?

PERFECT!  
YOU TWO  
ARE LIKE  
THINK!

WHAT'S  
THIS ALL  
ABOUT?  
WHAT KIND  
OF BIG DEAL  
YOU GOT COOKIN'  
FOR ME, COUSIN?

WITHOUT PULLING HIS PUNCHES, MIKE  
EXPLAINED THE SITUATION



THAT'S THE SETUP! YOU'RE GONNA  
RE MIKE LOOKS AND TAKE MY DEPORTATION  
RAP! YOU GET A HELLO TO  
LIVE IN AND FIFTY GRAND A YEAR,  
FOR AS LONG AS  
YOU LIVE!

I OHHH! I'LL  
BE DYING UP EVERY-  
THING! I GOTTA  
THINK ABOUT IT!

IT TOOK A LOT OF CONVINING  
BUT FINALLY MIKE SOLD LOUIS  
ON THE IDEA OF AN EARLY LIFE



ALL RIGHT,  
I'LL DO IT,  
MIKE! BUT  
YOU GOTTA  
REMARKS  
ME ON HOW  
TO BLUFF  
THOSE FEDERAL  
AGENTS!

DON'T WORRY!  
THEY'LL BE  
ONLY TOO GLAD  
TO GET YOU ON  
THAT BOAT!  
I'VE GOT A  
FEW WEEKS  
TO COACH  
YOU!

*AT THE APPOINTED TIME FOR DEPORTATION...*



HEY, MIKE, WHAT BASKET YOU GONNA PICK UP IN EUROPE?

IT'S ALL OVER! LOUIS MADE IT! THEY DON'T SUSPECT A THING! I BETTER GET BACK AND TELL MIKE THE GOOD NEWS!

*IN A CAR PARKED SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY*



IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM, BOSS! AT THIS MOMENT, HE'S HEADED DOWN THE HUDSON FOR THE OCEAN.

WELL, NOW LET'S GET MOVING. WE'VE GOT TO BE AT DOC FENWICK'S HIDEOUT BY NOON!

*DOC FENWICK WAS A SKILLED SURGEON WHOSE SERVICES TO THE UNDERWORLD HAD COST HIM HIS LICENSE, BUT HIS PRACTICE WENT ON SECRETLY...*



THIS BUG SUITS ME, DOCT. MAKE IT LIKE THIS AND I'LL GIVE YOU A GOLD STETHOSCOPE... ANYTHING YOU WANT?

AFTER I'M THROUGH WITH YOUR FACE, YOUR OWN MOTHER WON'T RECOGNIZE YOU!

*A FEW WEEKS AFTER THE DELICATE OPERATION...*



I'M TAKING THE BANDAGES OFF. MIKE! BETTER PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A SHOCK. YOU WON'T RECOGNIZE YOURSELF!

THE BIGGER THE SHOCK, THE BETTER. HURRY UP, DOC! I CAN'T WAIT! I ALREADY GOT A NEW NAME PICKED OUT FOR MYSELF, MARTIN STARK!

*MIKE HELD THE MARCH WITH TREMBLING FEET. THERE WASN'T A SHRED OF RESEMBLANCE TO THE OLD MIKE LOOKS.*



ONE OF THE FINEST JOBS I'VE EVER DONE! OF COURSE, IT'LL TAKE TIME TILL YOU'RE COMPLETELY HEALED.

WHA... IS THIS REALLY? HE? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S GREAT, TERRIFIC!

*BUT SECONDS LATER IT WAS DOC FENWICK'S TURN TO BE SHOCKED...*



MIKE! WHAT'S THE IDEA? WHY PULL A ROSCOE ON ME AFTER WHAT I DID FOR YOU?

OOO, I'M NOT UN-GRATEFUL, I DON'T LIKE TO DO THIS! YOU BELIEVED MIKE LOOKS ON THIS TABLE. HE'S GOT TO STAY DEAD, BUT AS LONG AS YOU LIVE, THERE'S A CHANCE HE MAY BE OUT OF IT!



SO HELP ME, I'LL NEVER TALK! NO, MIKE! NO, AAAAAH

YOU CALLED ME MIKE! THE NAME'S MARTIN. MARTIN STARK! THIS IS THE ONLY WAY MY SECRET IS GONNA BE KEPT!

BAM BAM

FOR A FEW MONTHS MIKE LOOKED ALIVE. MARTY'S BODY WAS LAMENATE AND HIS FACE WAS COMPLETELY HEALED...



SEVERAL DAYS LATER WHEN THE SHIRT SLAVE AWAKENED IN SOUTHERN EUROPE...



I GOT HIM TIED AROUND MY LITTLE FINGER AND HE KNOWS IT. I'LL TALK AS MUCH AS I WANT / DO YOU HAVE THE MONEY WITH YOU?



IF HE LOOKS UNDER MY ARM HE'LL KNOW WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS I'M IN / MY LOUD-MOUTHED COUSIN IS GOING DOWN REAL SOON?

HALFWAY TO TURN ON A LONELY MOUNTAIN ROAD...



I'VE GOT TO SHUT HIS BIG MOUTH! HE'LL GIVE ME AWAY! LISTEN, BUNNY, GET HOLD OF WALTER SIMM, THE FORGER! I NEED SOME RECORDS PHONED A BIRTH CERTIFICATE AND PASSPORT! I'M FLYING TO EUROPE!



AT THE VILLA MIKE HAD TRADED FOR A NEW LEASE ON LIFE...



TO THE VERY END LOOKS COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT MIKE WAS NOT A DISCOURTEOUS...



MIKE SHOOK THE CAR IN GEAR AND WATCHED IT BECOME A FLAMING HEARSE FOUR HUNDRED FEET BELOW.



NOW I DON'T HAVE TO KISS ANYMORE! MIKE LOOKS HE'LL BE OFFICIALLY DEAD!

RETURNING TO THE STATES, MIKE Began TO REORGANIZE HIS SHATTERED EMPIRE.



MY BURIAL TAKES PLACE TODAY! I'M GONNA CELEBRATE BY BUILDING THE BIGGEST GANG IN THE EAST! GET ME THE BEST TOPPEDS AND TOUGHEST HOODS YOU CAN FIND. YOU CAN FIND 'EM HERE! YOU'RE THE BOSS, MIKE! JUST FIND US A GOOD FRONT AND WE CAN START WORKING!

A WEEK LATER, AT A RESPECTABLE EASTPORT GARAGE



WHEN MIKE LOOKS CRACKED UP, EVERY TWO-BIT HOOD GRABBED A PIECE OF HIS INCOME! TO MIKE GOT THE SLOT MACHINES. AMBLER HOOKED THE BOOKIES. WHEPHEIN SOWN UP THE DOGAS AND BAKER TOOK DOWN THE GAMBLING JOINTS! I WANT EVERY ONE OF THEM!

WE'RE SETTING UP MOVING HATCHET SQUADS! GET YOUR ASSHOLE AND GO TO WORK!

LATER, AT A FLOSH GAMBLING HOUSE



I CAN'T PAY ANYMORE! I'M OVVING BAKER TEN C'S A MONTH TO PROTECT ME! DON'T TRY ANYTHING OR HE'LL KNEW YOU GRANT!

LET HIM TRY! SO THE ANSWER IS NO, HUH, GRANT? START CHOPPIN' BOYS! DON'T LEAVE A STICK STANDING!

AND IMMEDIATELY



LET ME OUT! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

THIS IS GRANT! BAKER, GET YOUR GANG DOWN HERE! A GUY CALLED MARTIN STARK IS BREAKING UP MY CLUB WITH A MESS OF HOODS! HURRY!

WHEN BAKER AND HIS THUGS ARRIVED, MIKE WAS READY FOR HIM



WE'RE DEAD GUYS IF HE STAY HERE! CLEAR OUT BEFORE THEY GET ALL OF US!

C'MON, BAKER, STICK THAT HEAD OUT! WELL CUT IT OFF!

BAKER MANAGED TO ESCAPE BUT HE LEFT FOUR DEAD HOODS BEHIND. ENOUGH TO CONVINCE GRANT THAT MIKE, ALAS MARTIN STARK, HAD SHARPENED TEETH...



YOU WIN, STARK! JUST KEEP BAKER AWAY FROM HERE AND I'LL BE SATISFIED!

DON'T WORRY, GRANT! YOU'LL GET FULL CON-DRAGE! LET'S GO, BOYS! WE'VE GOT MORE WORK TONIGHT!

ALL OVER TOWN EVERY RACKET-BORNE BUSINESS FELT THE BUTHLESS BITE OF MIKE'S NEW GANG . . .



HEY, WHAT THE F? WHO ORDERED THIS? YOU Ain't COME!

NO? TELL TOOMY HE'S WASHED UP! MARTY STARK'S TAKIN' OVER!

YAAAAAH!



NO . . . AAAAAAHHH!

MAKES, THIS IS ONLY A SAMPLE! SMOKE IS THROUGH! YOU TAKE ORDERS FROM MARTY STARK FROM NOW ON.

WE-WE HEARD YOU! SACK IS ENOUGH!

At the waterfront . . .



I--I'll DO ANYTHING YOU SAY! I'm THROUGH WITH THE DOGS, MONKEYS! NOT THE HOOKS! . . . NO, NOT THE HOOKS!

TOO LATE, WARREN! I WARNED YOU TWICE! MARTY STARK DOESN'T WANT TO PLAY ANY MORE GAMES! GIVE IT TO HIM, BOYS!

At CENTRAL POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THE OUTBREAK OF VIOLENCE WAS NOISED WITH ALARM . . .



NOT SINCE MIKE LOOMIS WAS OPERATING HAS THERE BEEN ANYTHING SO BLOODY! WHAT DO YOU THINK, CAPTAIN?

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S TRYING TO CONSOLIDATE ALL THE RACKETEY! BUT WHO CAN IT BE? THERE ISN'T ONE RACKET LEADER STRONG ENOUGH! THIS NEW MUSCLEMAN MARTY STARK SEEMS WATCHING TIGHTLY.

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE MIKE WAS THE RANGING AGAIN! BUT THE MYSTERY OF HIS IDENTITY BEGAN TO AROUSE SUSPICION . . .



MARTY IS A SWELL ORGANIZER, BUT WHO IS HE? CLAIMS HE'S FROM THE WEST, BUT NOBODY'S CONTACTED KNOWN HIM! WHY DOES HE WEAR GLOVES ALL THE TIME?

DID YOU NOTICE HIS CIGARS? THOSE HYVANA IMPORTS . . . THE SAME MIKE LOOMIS USED TO CHOW ON!



THINGS ARE DOING GREAT, JUST LIKE THE OLD . . . I MEAN JUST LIKE THE WAY I RAN THEM OUT WEST! BUT THERE'S ONE JOCKER STILL BOTHERING ME. ALBIE BAKER! BUT I HAVE A HUNCH WHERE HE'S HIDING OUT!

An HOUR BEFORE THE ATTACK ON ALBIE BAKER'S HIDEOUT . . .



I GOT HERE AS FAST AS I COULD, ALBIE! STARK IS SENDIN' A SUBOT SOUND HERE IN AN HOUR!

I WONDER HOW HE LOCATED THIS PLACE? ONLY ONE MAN, MIKE LOOMIS, KNEW ABOUT IT. THANKS, MILLER, I'LL SEE YOU GET A FAT BONUS FOR THIS! I'LL BE READY FOR STARK'S HOGS WHEN THEY COME!



When Mike's assassins arrived...



I DON'T LIKE THIS! A LOT OF LIGHTS BURNING, BUT NO NOISE!

STOP WORRYING! LET'S HIT THAT DOOR AND START PITCHIN' LEAD!

AAA AAAH! IT'S AUGIE BAUER AND HIS GOONS! WE'VE BEEN CROSSED!

THIS IS MY ANSWER TO MARTY STARK! LET ONE OF 'EM LIVE, NOW, SO HE CAN CARRY THE NEWS BACK!



The survivor staggered back to Mike's headquarters...



THEY WERE WAITING FOR US? IT WAS LIKE BEING TARGETS IN A SHOOTING GALLERY! THE ONLY REASON I'M ALIVE IS THAT BAUER WANTED SOMEONE TO REPORT THE FUNERAL!

THERE'S BEEN A SLIP-UP SOMEWHERE! BAUER COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN UNLESS SOMEONE IS PLANTED IN MY ORGANIZATION! I GOTTA FIGURE THIS OUT!



ROCK, HOW MANY TIMES I GOTTA WARN YOU? FIRST IT WAS THEN GIGARS! NOW YOU'RE TALKING THAT GUY, JUST LIKE YOU USED TO! CUT IT OUT!

THERE ARE BATS HERE WHO KNOW YOU!

MAKING I COULDN'T CALL A MEETING WITH BAUER AND FIND OUT WHAT HE REALLY WANTS!

The meeting was arranged for Sunday at Bauer's hideout...



I SEE YOU DON'T TRUST ME ENOUGH TO LEAVE YOUR GOONS AT HOME!

THESE TONGS BEHIND YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE CHOP BOYS EITHER! LET'S NOT TRUST EACH OTHER AND JUST TALK BUSINESS, AUGIE!

An hour later the conference was still deadlocked...



LOOK, AUGIE, WE'RE ALMOST SQUARED AWAY EXCEPT FOR THOSE EASTSIDE BOOKMAKERS AND GAMBLING JOINTS WABOYA SAY WE PLAY A GAME OF POOL FOR THEM? WIN OR LOSE, WE'LL SETTLE IT!

I'LL BITE! I WAS ALWAYS A SUCKER FOR A GAME OF POOL BACK 'EM UP!

Meanwhile, surrounding the racket chiefs' conference site...



DID YOU SEE WHO MET MARTIN STARK AT THE DOOR? AUGIE BAUER, ONE OF THESE 'OLD' OLD LIEUTENANTS. WANT TO SEND THE MEN IN?

NO, THERE'S PACKAGED DYNAMITE IN THERE AND I EXPECT THE PLACE TO BLOW UP! WE'LL TAKE ON THE SURROUNDERS WHEN THEY LUMP OUT!

**MIKE COMPLETED A THREE—<sup>50</sup>**  
**SUGARON BUNKER AND AND AUGIE**  
**EXPLODED . . .**



NOW I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! READY? BUT ONE PERSON I KNEW COULD PULL OFF A SHOT LIKE THAT!

WHADDYA MEAN? YOU'RE SORE BECAUSE I BEAT YOU? NOW YOU WANNA WELSH ON YOUR BET?

THERE'S NO MISTAKE NOW! OOO FENHOG, THE FACE CHANGER, WAS CRACKED! MIKE LOOMIS' COUSIN DISAPPEARED! THEN MIKE LOOMIS DIED IN A CAR WRECK! BUT MARTY SMOOKS MIKE'S COARS, PLAYS POOL LIKE HIM AND RUNS THE RACKETTS LIKE HIM! YOU'RE MIKE LOOMIS, MARTY! YOU CAN'T FOOLE ME!



**AND THEN THE LID BLEW OFF .**



I'LL GET YOU, MIKE, THIS!

LET 'EM HAVE IT!

**AS THE SMOKE CLEARED .**



IT'S MY LID! CARRY ME OUT OF HERE!

WHAT A SLAUGHTER! AUGIE'S GARS IS WHIPED OUT! THEY WON'T GIVE US ANY MORE TROUBLE!

**BUT AS THE GANG'S REMNANTS HIT THE STREET . . .**



COPPERS—ALL OVERN THE PLACE!

DON'T DITCH ME! NO WAY!

HALT! KEEP RUNNING AND WE'LL SHOOT TO KILL!

**HANDCUFFS CLICKED AND THE FIGHT WAS OVER . . .**



NBODDY MOVING INSIDE! LOOKS LIKE A REAL MASSAGE WENT ON, CHOP!

WE'VE GOT THE SURVIVORS! INCLUDING THE NEW KINSPIN, MARTY STARK! THIS STOPS THE RACKET WAR COLD!

**AT CENTRAL POLICE HEADQUARTERS THE REAL FIGHTY GAVE OUT . . .**



I KNOW, THE PRINTS NEVER LIE! AND BENNY TALKED, HUH? WELL, I GUESS THIS TIME I'LL TRY. HEAR, I'M MIKE LOOMIS!

YOU COULD HAVE BEEN SITTING IN YOUR WILLY DRINKING VINO ALL DAY! WE'RE NOT DEPORTING YOU THIS TIME! THE CONSERVATOR YOU STOOD IS LEADING YOU RIGHT TO THE HOT SEAT!

THE END

# TOO TOUGH TO HOLD



**L**OU STARK WAS A TOUGH, BRUTAL HOOB — a "FARMHOUSE" TO THE "BOARING TREESTES", THE ERA OF THE TOMMY GUN, BALLS BRICKLES AND BANG MACHINES! BUT HIS PARTNER, MANNY HINES, THE BRAIN OF THEIR UNDERWORLD SYNDICATE, WAS THE EXACT OPPOSITE: SLEAZE, SOFT-SPOKEN, HE WAS EVERY INCH THE MODERN BUSINESS MAN, APPLYING PRESSURE ONLY WHEN NEEDED TO — EITHER THEY WERE UNBEATABLE — BUT COULD A PARTNERSHIP LIKE THIS LAST? WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IN A BATTLE FOR POWER WHEN BRUTE FORCE COLLIDED WITH COMMANDING CUNNING?

Lou Stark had always been tough. He and Manny Hines had a perfect combo until the first snag developed in the racket control of the Chicago clothing industry.

IT'S THAT NEW FACTORY ON WEST EIGHTH — CLAMSON'S? HE SAID HE HAD ENOUGH PROTECTION FROM JOE CASH! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

DO? WE'RE GOING TO SHOVE HIS TEETH DOWN HIS THROAT! THAT'S THE ONLY LANGUAGE HE UNDERSTANDS!



NONE OF THAT ROUGH STUFF, LOU! WE'RE DEALING WITH RESPECTABLE BUSINESS MEN! THERE ARE OTHER WAYS OF PERSUADING THEM TO KICK THROUGH!

THIS IS OUR FIRST HOLD-UP! LET ME HANDLE THIS MY WAY, MANNY!



**DISOBEYING MARRY'S ADVICE, LOU CRASHED CLANSON'S OFFICE.**

HEY, YOU CAN'T BUST IN HERE LIKE THAT! THIS IS A PRIVATE OFFICE! LET HIM HAVE IT, BOYS!

IF YOU RATS LIFT A FINGER, I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODIES!



YOU ASKED FOR IT, PUNK! THERE'S ONE OF YOUR PROTECTORS, CLANSON! IN YOUR LAP!

YOU BIG GOZILLA! I'LL CHOP HOLES IN YOU!



LEGGOS! YIIIIIH!

THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO PULL A SHIN ON LOU STARK! DROP IT, YOU STUPID BLOAT! DROP IT!



GIVE MY REGARDS TO JOE SAHM! TELL HIM TO SEND MEN THE NEXT TIME, NOT POOL ROOM PUNKS!

PLEASE, NO MORE! YOU'RE DESTROYING MY OFFICE!



**WHEN THE RIVAL HOODS WERE ALL EVICTED, LOU WENT TO WORK ON THE FACTORY ...**

I SEE YOU - STOP! I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING YOU ASK FOR! YOU'RE RUINING MY FACTORY! I'LL NEVER USE SAHM'S THUGS AGAIN!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING LIKE YOU GOT SENSE, CLANSON! GET THAT TEN BRAND UP FRONT! ALL RIGHT, SUKE, SMACK IT OFF!



**LATER THAT AFTERNOON, BACK IN MARRY KINE'S HEADQUARTERS ...**

THERE IT IS! TEN BRAND! AND ONLY MUGGLE GOT IT!

YOU BIG APE! I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE MESS YOU PULLED AT CLANSON'S SAHM CALLED ME! NOW IT'S OPEN WAR AND HERE I WAS NEGOTIATING FOR TERRITORY DEALS WITH HIM. WHICH WOULD HAVE SERVED UP THE WHOLE SOUTH SIDE FOR LOU!



**JUST AS THE KILLER RAGE BEGAN TO POKE IN LOU'S KIDNE**

WHY, YOU DIRT!

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, STARK! YOU'RE NOT PLAYING AROUND WITH A CHEAP HOOD! I'M WARNING YOU!



HEY, LOOK OUT! A PINEAPPLE!



When the echoes of the blast had died away, . . .

STOP STAINING! GET DOC BENDER DOWN HERE RIGHT AWAY! HE'LL BE HURT! AND A COUPLE OF YOU LUGGS START CLEANING THIS MESS UP!



SO THIS IS JOE GAVIN'S ANSWER! I'M GOING TO TEACH HIM A BLOODY LESSON! WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH THAT NOB, THEY'LL HAVE TO HIDE IN SEWERS!

WHERE YOU GOING WITH ALL THAT HARDWARE? CAN'T YOU GET IT THROUGH YOUR THICK SKULL THAT MOB WARS ARE DEAD—THAT THEY'LL BE DEAD ON US TOO?



WRAGGOLA WANT HE TO DO, LAY DOWN AND LET GAVIN WALK ALL OVER HE? NUTS! I'M GONNA SETTLE THIS MY WAY!

Several nights later, in a surprise raid on Gavin's headquarters . . .



YEEEE! IT'S LOU STARK! THE ROCK! HE'S GONE NUTS! HE'LL KILL US ALL!

SURPRISE . . . YOU RATS! I'VE COME IN PERSON TO PAY YOU BACK FOR THAT PINEAPPLE YOU TOSSED! TOO BAD YOUR BOSS ISN'T HERE!

When the smoke cleared . . .

THE OTHERS LAUGHED! TOO BAD I DIDN'T THINK ABOUT THAT BACK EXIT! I COULD HAVE GOT THEM ALL! BUT NOW I'VE STILL GOT TO FIND GAVIN!



While Lou hunted Joe Gavin, Manny was negotiating with him secretly.

I COULD ALWAYS DO BUSINESS WITH YOU, MANNY, BUT THE "ROCK" IS JUST A CRAZY KILLER! HE'S GOT TO GO! MY GANG WANTS HIS HEAD!



THAT'S WHY I CALLED THIS MEETING! LOU STARK IS A BALL AND CHAIN AROUND MY NECK! I'VE GOT TWO CUNSELS COMING IN FROM PHILLY TO KID HIM OUT!

Two days later, as Lou was on his way home from a fruitless search for Joe Gavin . . .

MMM, THIS LOOKS LIKE A SETUP! I SMOKED THOSE TWO MOOSE WHO WERE TAILING ME ALL DAY, BUT I THINK THEY'RE WAITING FOR ME IN THAT ALLEY! THEY WON'T HAVE TO WAIT ANY LONGER!



**LIKE A BALL, STARK CHARGED INTO THE ALLEYWAY, THROWING THE WOULD BE KILLERS OFF BALANCE...**



**THEY WERE NO MATCH FOR THE LIGHTNING BRIGHTNESS OF "THE ROOM"...**



**ALTHOUGH SHOCKED BY LOU'S ESCAPE, MANNY HAD ANOTHER TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE...**



**THAT SAME NIGHT...**



**LOU TURNED JUST IN TIME TO RECEIVE ONLY A GLANCING BLOW**



**IT WAS A BLOODY SLOPPYEST WITH NO HOLDS BARRED AND WHEN IT WAS OVER**



**BUT AS LOU TURNED TO LEAVE...**

ALL RIGHT, STARK! IT'S THE END OF THE ROAD! SET YOUR HANDS UP AND KEEP 'EM THERE! GOSH, WHAT A MESS!

GOSH! EVERYTHING'S DONE WRONG TONIGHT! I SMELL A FRAME! DON'T SHOOT! I'M LISTENING!



**LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...**

YOUR FRIEND MANNY'S LEFT FOR FLORIDA! LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN WRITTEN OFF AS A BAD LOSS, STARK!

WHY DON'T YOU COME CLEAN?

THE DOUBLE-CROSSING SCUMM WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! ANYHOW

I'M NOT SAYING ANYMORE THAN I SAID BEFORE! IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE - I WAS ATTACKED!



**A SECOND DEGREE MURDER CHARGE PUT STARK IN THE STATE PEN FOR TWENTY YEARS**

THESE BARS AIN'T GONNA HOLD ME MUCH LONGER! I CAN'T TAKE THIS WHILE MANNY'S OUTSIDE LAUGHING AT ME... LYING OFF THE FAT OF THE LAND!



**WITHIN A MONTH, LOU STARK ORGANIZED THE BIGGEST RIOT THE PRISON HAD EVER SEEN...**

ALL RIGHT, NOW - LET'S BUST OUT OF HERE! BARR THE GUARDS AS HOSTAGES!

'YAAAA!' 'YAAAA!' TEAR THE PLACE APART! BREAK DOWN THE DOORS! OUT! / OUT! / LET US OUT!



**TEN MINUTES LATER, STARK WAS OVER THE WALL...**

IT'S TWO HOURS TO CHICAGO! I'LL GET THERE IF I HAVE TO CRAWL THE WHOLE WAY! NOTHING IS GONNA STOP ME FROM TEARING MANNY APART WITH MY BARE HANDS!



**STARKING AS A BOMB ON DANGER, STARK HEADED FOR MANNY'S HEADQUARTERS...**

IT'S QUIET - JUST THE WAY I LIKE IT! MANNY CAN'T POSSIBLY KNOW I BROKE OUT AND HEADED THIS WAY!



**BUT STARK WAS MISTAKEN FOR AS HE ENTERED THE ROOM...**

JUST A BIG APE, THAT'S ALL YOU ARE, STARK! YOU TELEGRAPHED EVERY ONE OF YOUR MOVEMENTS! YOU'LL NEVER LEARN TO USE YOUR HEAD!

LEAVE ME GO! JUST GIVE ME TWO MINUTES WITH HIM ALONE! LEAVE, YOU SLIMY RAT, BUT I'LL BE BACK! NO PRISON IS GONNA HOLD ME! YOU WON'T GET AWAY!



AND STARK WAS RIGHT. HIS PROMISED  
BASTARD AGAIN DROVE HIM IN A DES-  
PERATE BID FOR FREEDOM . . .

I'VE WAITED FOR THIS CHANCE FOR  
YEARS... AND NOW WE'VE WON...!  
OUT I GO!



THIS TIME STARK PLAYED IT SMART.  
AFTER HOLDING UP FOR SEVERAL  
HOURS TO SHAKE THE POLICE, HE  
FORTUNATELY GAINED ACCESS TO  
MANNY'S CAR . . .

I'M TELLING YOU IT'S ALL RIGHT,  
STARKS WON'T COME NEAR ME WITH  
A PLOW, CAR AND TWO NURSE-  
MAIDS SURROUNDING ME! I'M GETTING  
TIRED OF  
THIS ROUTINE

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT,  
HIMES, BUT WE GOT OUR  
DROGERS. JUST DRIVE  
SLOWLY AND DON'T TRY  
TO SHAKE US!



THE MOMENT MANNY PULLED AWAY  
FROM THE PARKING LOT . . .

WHA! I  
STARKS!  
YOU'RE  
CRAZY!  
YOU CAN'T  
GET AWAY  
WITH THIS!

STEP ON IT, MANNY!  
THIS CAR CAN TRAVEL!  
GET AWAY FROM THAT  
PLOW, CAR OR I'LL  
BLAST YOU RIGHT  
NOW! THAT'S ALL  
I CARE ABOUT!



THE WILD NINETY-MILE-AN-HOUR CHASE BROUGHT OVER  
POLICE CARS TO THE SCENE AT THE STATE LINE WAS CROSSED...

LOA, YOU'RE NUTS. YOU'LL  
NEVER GET AWAY! LET  
ME STOP!



KEEP GOING, YOU  
BLOD! I KNOW THIS  
ROAD! MAKE A RIGHT  
ON THE NEXT CROSSING!  
WE'RE HEADING INTO  
THE WOODS!

AS THE CAR BEGINS TO A STOP  
UNDER STARK'S DROGERS . . .

WOOD —  
AAAAHHH!  
I NEVER ENJOIED  
ANYTHING AS MUCH  
AS THIS! THIS IS  
WHERE YOUR DIRTY COM-  
MUNIT' BASTARD GOT YOU,  
MANNY!



BUT STARK ENJOIED TOO LONG  
AT THE SCENE OF HIS BLOOD-  
LETTING AND . . .

GO-W-W-W, YOU  
DIRTY . . . NO!  
I GIVE UP!  
DON'T SHOOT!

HOLD IT, STARK!  
DON'T MOVE! ONE  
MORE STEP AND  
YOU'LL JOIN  
YOUR PAL!



STARK DREW A LIFE SENTENCE ON  
A HANGAR-MURDER MAP. THIS TIME  
IT WAS CLAMPONE ISLAND, THE ROOF  
FROM WHICH HIS CONVICT BROTHER  
EVER ESCAPED

MIGHT AS WELL  
FACE IT, STARK!  
NOBODY GETS  
AWAY FROM  
CLAMPONE!  
BETTER  
SETTLE DOWN AND  
BEHAVE  
YOURSELF!

STOP IT,  
WARDEN! THEY  
CALL ME "THE  
ROCK" TOO, AND  
I'M JUST AS TUGH!  
THE ONLY TIME I'LL  
SETTLE DOWN IS  
WHEN I'M FREE!





A YEAR LATER WHEN SOME SMOKE OFFICIALS VISITED THE PRISON, LOU STILL BURNED WITH THE DESIRE TO ESCAPE...

ANOTHER TOURING PARTY? THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! WITH ALL THEM RINCY BOATS DOWN AT THAT DOCK, I GOT A CHANCE! IT'S WORTH TRYING!



WHEN? THEY USUALLY DOUBLE-CHECK THE GARRAGE, BUT TODAY, WITH THEM FINCY VISITORS AROUND THEY'RE TOO BUSY! I HEAR THE GRATEL... HE MUST BE GETTING NEAR THE DOCK!



WITH HALF-SECOND FINESS LOU TOOK THE DOCK GUARD COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE...

DOWN LIKE A CLAY PIGEON! YOU WON'T GIVE ME ANY MORE TROUBLE!



SECONDS LATER, LOU'S WARD DASH CARRIED HIM TO AN OFFICIAL'S CROWN CRUISER.

YAAAA! I DID IT! I DID IT! HAW HAW! WITH THE HEAD START I GOT, THEY CAN'T TOUCH ME! THE FIRST GUY TO ESCAPE FROM THE "ROCK"! I KNEW THEY COULDN'T HOLD ME!



A ROAR OVERHEAD SUDDENLY CHANGED LOU'S WILD JOY TO BLACK HATES.

A ACCIDENT? BLAMMED INTO THE GAS TANK AND SUDDENLY...

NO, HE DIDN'T BITE MARK IT. LOU COULDN'T SWIM, AND HE STAYED LIKE A ROCK.



THE END

# KILLER AT LARGE

The man Britt Hamlin was following came out of the cigar store and crossed the street and entered a small apartment building. Britt watched him go undisturbedly. He couldn't of course tell if the man was the killer or not. Britt didn't even know why he'd picked this man to follow today. He might have picked any of a hundred men on the street. He had no positive way of identification. It was like shooting at a target in the dark.

Dejected, Britt went to police headquarters and asked to see Lieutenant Stick.

"I'd like to go over those Rogues Gallery photos again," he said.

"Any time," Lieutenant Stick said. "Do you think you'd recognize him this time?"

"It's better than cooling my heels," Britt said.

That was about all it would amount to, he found. But he had to do something—anything. The girl he'd been going to marry had been killed—brutally murdered—and he couldn't just sit in the office and brood there. Four days ago he had taken Gwen home from the movies, had kissed her goodnight at the entryway of her building, and left. On the second-floor landing she had been killed—strangled, and her purse emptied. Robbery . . . and she'd been choked so she couldn't cry out, give an alarm. All Britt could give the police by way of help was that while he was waiting on the corner for a bus a man had passed by, red-faced and hurried. Britt had had only a fleeting glance. But they'd given him the Rogues Gallery to go through. Now he was running through the photos again.

When Lieutenant Stick opened the door a couple of hours later, Britt shook his head negatively.

"Look," the lieutenant said, "why don't you leave it to us? You're not hoping to, are you?"

"But you have no clue," Britt objected.

"These things take time. Snooping is just a lot of time and then a lot of gluing of pieces together. Why don't you relax and forget it?"

"I can't relax," Britt said, getting up to go, "and I'll never forget it."

As he walked the lonely streets, he still searched men's faces. But he didn't know what he was searching for.

On Sunday he thought he ought to visit Gwen's family again. The Taylors were simple people, quiet and unpretentious but invariably pleasant and good-humored. It hurt Britt to see these long faces today. There were a lot of other people there, all speaking softly, all trying to say the

right thing. These were relatives and neighbors and a few who just liked to go around where there was tragedy so they could moan publicly. Britt paid his respects and then sat with his own thoughts.

"Get a match?" a man said to Britt.

Britt handed over some matches and the man sat down beside him. He was a man of about Britt's age, tall and well-built but pale and with deep lines at the corners of his mouth.

"I'm Walter Carr," the man said. "The guy whose time you beat with Gwen. Terrible thing, this. But it makes us, in a manner of speaking, brothers. The girl we both loved . . . gone! And for just a few dollars. That's the irony, the tragedy of it."

Britt agreed. "If only I'd taken her inside," he said. "But she was tired—wanted to go right to bed." He patted his hand over his eyes.

"You can't blame yourself," Walter Carr said. After a few moments he added, "I wish there was something I could do. I feel so useless. And, I understand, the police don't have a single clue."

Britt's face was impassive. They sat silently then, until Walter Carr suddenly grasped Britt's arm.

"That man—the one standing!" Walter said. "I'm going over to him. I'd like to talk to him."

Britt looked up. The man Walter referred to was standing alone, staring off into space. He was shorter than average, but compact, with powerful shoulders and hands. The man's face was marked with pain and worry scars, as if he'd suffered from acne as a youth.

"Don't you know him?" Walter said. "That's Roy Molno—lives on the floor below. A wild son of a gun. Did time twice, I understand. Robbery and assault. And violated parole. Look at his eyes. You can see the meanness and temper in them."

Britt studied Roy Molno, wondering if he could be the man who'd passed him on the corner. Could he, Britt decided. Could also be Walter Carr—or half a dozen of the men here. How well do you observe a man who passes you while you're waiting for a bus on a dark night? Any identification, Roy realized, was futile. He'd have to look for another way.

"I'll go over with you," he said.

The man Roy Molno, the man who'd done time, was very nervous. He didn't look at Britt or Walter but kept his eyes glued to the cigarette in his hand.

"I—I knowed her since she was a kid," he said. "A skinny kid—and then suddenly, in high school, she sprouted like an angel. I used to kid with her—even tried to take her out." He made a grimace. "But she wouldn't give me a tumble." He went back to studying his cigarette. "She wouldn't have neither to do with the likes of me."

"Are you working?" Walter Carr asked. "I heard somebody say you were looking for a job—a mechanic's job?"

Roy Malone looked up sharply, anger glinting like fire in his eyes. "No," he said, "I'm not working. And I'm no mechanic. I'm an electrician."

"Sorry," Walter said. "I thought you were a mechanic. I figured I could talk to the garage where I keep my car. You could no doubt use some money."

Roy Malone glared sullenly. Walter had poked him with the sleep needle of his tongue. Britt thought, and Roy was quick to bleed. Walter couldn't have done it more neatly if he'd been a doctor trying to break the man down. Walter, Britt reasoned, would be a good man in a squad room—the light glancing brightly, the suspect weary and befuddled, and Walter hammering at him with his tongue and mind crackling like a machine gun. Walter had now established Roy Malone's temper and, more important, the fact that Roy needed money.

A sudden thought struck Britt and he stood away. When he thought nobody was looking he slipped into the dining room, where the phone was. He dialed information and when he got his number he spoke very softly, but insistently. It wasn't easy but finally he got the man on the other end of the wire to say yes, and, his pulse hammering, Britt went to rejoin the others.

He had ten minutes to wait, and just before five he asked Mrs. Taylor if he could turn on the news announcement. Uncomprehensively she consented, and Britt turned on the radio.

It was the announcer's first statement.

"Attention, everybody," he stated electrifyingly. "This reporter has definite news that Britt Hamlin, Sarge of the murdered Gwen Taylor, has learned who the slayer is. If the killer fails to give himself up before midnight, Mr. Hamlin will make public the name of the murderer. I repeat. The final hour is midnight. If the killer gives himself up voluntarily, there is a possibility he may receive leniency..."

Britt turned off the radio. The room was hushed, everybody was staring at him. In a minute, he knew, the questions would fly at him. It was direct questions, some kind of questions. He shook hands with Gwen's father and mother, nodded to Walter Carr and Roy Malone, and left.

He decided to walk home. He had plenty of time, and he'd pass two vacant lots. If somebody

followed him, he'd give that somebody an opportunity. Murder, he figured, needs an opportunity as much as it needs a motive. If the killer had been in the room with him—or had heard the badinage—he'd want to shut Britt's mouth. Britt had the feeling strong in his bones that the murderer of Gwen had been at the Taylor's.

He did not look around. He walked slowly in the gathering dusk, his ears alert for footsteps. He reached home without accident. He felt pretty sick about the way his plan had failed. He had gone off half-cocked again. He'd yielded to an impulse, a hunch—and all along he should have left it to the experts, as Lieutenant Stack had said. Tomorrow the beatman would probably jump down his throat for having made a jackass of himself. Maybe not even tomorrow, maybe tonight.

Midnight came and went. His plan had failed. The killer hadn't shown up. Bitterly, cursing himself softly, Britt turned out the light and slipped into bed.

He didn't know how long it was before he finally fell asleep. He didn't know how long he'd slept—five minutes or several hours. He found himself suddenly awake, tense, his nerves probing. There was somebody in the room, he was sure. He couldn't see anybody in the dark, he couldn't even hear breathing. But the window was open a foot wider than when he'd gone to bed.

"Smart," a voice said then. "Too smart." And a body hurried at him out of the darkness. A body with powerful hands that searched for his throat.

Britt flailed wildly but his eyes could see no target. The man had his head buried behind his shoulder, like a fighter protecting his jaw, and Britt's fist fell harmlessly on shoulder and arm. Lying on his back, he could put no force behind his blows. And always he could feel the strong fingers groping for his throat. He gasped, and the fingers suddenly had him, were pressing firmly, alarmingly. Britt tried to lurch, but the blacker outlined him. And his hands were becoming weaker. He gasped for air, *Like Gwen*, he thought. *I'm going out like Gwen and I won't even know who did it.*

His eardrums were going, he thought, because there was a sudden crash, like thunder, and he heaved himself explosively. . . . He could breathe now, he realized, and opening his eyes he saw with difficulty the room was lighted and Lieutenant Stack was standing there, grinning, and two of Stack's men were holding a man at a dark coat.

"Care?" Britt muttered. "Walter Care?"

"It happens," Stack said. "He ain't the first guy who lost his head because his gut pined him. He's going to pay for it with his last ten."

Britt could only nod. One thing he knew—he was going to walk down the street tomorrow without having to stare into men's faces.

# Dealers in White Death



PEET! MEY SENDTA!

SO? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

ALL NARCOTICS ARE CHADZY BUT HEROIN IS DOUBLE DEADLY — BEFORE KILLING ITS USER, IT MAKES ITS USER MILD AND BECAUSE OF THIS MONOCAL EFFECT ON ADOPTS THE IMPORTATION OF HEROIN, EVEN FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES, HAS LONG BEEN PROHIBITED IN THE UNITED STATES. FEDERAL AND STATE LAW-ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS WERE CONSTANT WAR AGAINST SMUGGLERS AND DISTRIBUTORS OF THE DRUG. A GANG WHICH REACHED A THROAT CLIMAX IN THE AUTUMN OF 1935 WHEN... BUT LET'S START OUR STORY ON THE FATEFUL MORN'G OF JULY 15, 1935, ON A WATERFRONT STREET IN MANHATTAN, COHN...

I COULD USE SOME HELP, BABY! I JUMPED INTO I NEED CLOTHES AND A PLACE TO SLEEP WHERE THE SHOOT RATCH WON'T FIND ME!

SO? GO TO A CLOTHING STORE AND TO A HOTEL! WHY YOU BOTHIN ME?



HOLD IT, HONEY! AREN'T YOU INTERESTED IN WHISKY COLLAGES? I'LL SAY YOUS IF YOU HELP ME!

PH? AH! THAT'S AN INTERESTING SALUS BOY, WHY YOU WO SAY SO IN FIRST PLACE!





MAYBE I'D BETTER  
LAY LOW IN AN ALLEY  
WHILE YOU BURL  
UP SOME DUES FOR  
ME. NOBODY'S ON  
WATCH - LEAVE FROM  
MY SHIP AND THE  
S.P. WOULD SPOT  
ME IN A  
MINUTE!

DON'T WORRY,  
SAILOR BOY.  
EY SEE YER  
DARK, NOBODY  
SEE. AN' WE  
NO HAVE  
PAG TO  
GO!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...



YOU DONE GOOD BOSTA! BAREND  
YOUR SAILOR FRIEND SOMERPLACE  
ELSE! YOU KNOW WE DON'T  
WANT STRANGERS IN HERE!

THERE'S NO PLAIN  
SALES! HE SEE A  
DESERTER! HE  
NEED HIDEPLACE  
TO HIDE!



OH, NOT U.S. NAVY  
UNIFORM CAN BE IDENTIFIED.  
WATER IS FREE. ALBEE  
YOU A MARINA  
POLICEMAN, NO?

NO! I'VE GOT  
PAPERS TO PROVE  
MY IDENTITY!



U.S. NAVY PAY  
FIFTY DOLLARS  
REWARD FOR  
DESERTER.  
DO YOU  
WANT MORE!

NOPE, NO.  
LESS, YES.  
I'VE GOT  
ABOUT FORTY  
FIVE BUCKS  
TO MY NAME!

MM...  
JOHN HASTERS  
... G.Y. MC ...



WHY,  
YOU---  
I'LL...

YOU'LL DO  
ANYTHING!  
HASTERS JOE  
CAN USE THESE  
HOMERS!



THERE'S THE  
LAST TIME I  
TOOK A HORSE  
STEAL! NEXT  
TIME BOSTA  
GET MONEY  
FIRST, EEN  
ADVANCE!

DON'T BE  
NOPE!  
BARE!  
WHEN IN  
IN THE TOWN,  
I WON'T  
FORGET  
YOU!



THANKS,  
GAL.  
I'LL  
DO MY  
BEST  
TO EARN  
MY  
KID!

DON'T WORRY,  
HASTERS, YOU WON'T  
BE AROUND LONG IF  
YOU DON'T  
TOMORROW YOU'LL  
HEAT, JOE. HE CAN  
ALWAYS USE AN  
AMERICAN SEE THE  
HOMER. HAS WHAT  
SEE TAKES!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE NAVY DEPARTMENT MET JOSE LUGGARD, THE AS CAPTAIN OF CUBA...

SO YOU'RE FROM NEW YORK, EH, MASTERS? ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH NEW YORK WATERS?

I SURE AM! I WORKED ON TUG-BOATS BEFORE THE DEPRESSION. AFTER THE CRAFT'S JOINED THE NAVY—I FIGURED IT WAS BETTER THAN STARVING. IT WAS, BUT NOT MUCH BETTER.



PERHAPS I CAN LIVE YOU... HAVE YOU ANY COMPUNCTION ABOUT HOW YOU MAKE A DOLLAR?

MASTER, I DON'T HAVE ANY COMPUNCTION ABOUT ANYTHING!

THAT'S AN ADMIRABLE ATTITUDE. YOU'VE GOT THE ONLY ONE AFFECTED BY THE DEPRESSION.

MASTERS, MY NIGHTCLUB AND GAMING ROOMS USED TO MAKE MONEY, BUT NO MORE. TOURISTS HAVE BECOME EXTINCT. FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS I'VE BEEN OCCUPYING MYSELF WITH CERTAIN MERCHANDISE WHICH IS ALWAYS IN DEMAND, DEPRESSION OR NO DEPRESSION.



UNFORTUNATELY, THE U.S. FEDERAL AGENTS MAKE EXPORTATION OF ANY MERCHANDISE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE. I'VE HAD TO SHUGGLE THE STUFF ON INDIVIDUAL VOYAGERS IN QUANTITIES TOO MEANIE TO SHOW A PROFIT.

I WANT TO MOVE THE STUFF IN, IN BULK, BUT SO FAR MY EFFORTS HAVE FAILED. TO HAVE THE MAN BOB WHO COULD GET A BORTLOAD INTO NEW YORK CITY, LIKE TO TRY IT?

SURE, AND I KNOW HOW IT COULD BE DONE, TOO! ALL I NEED IS A TUGBOAT!

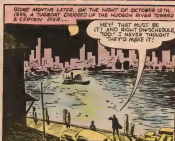
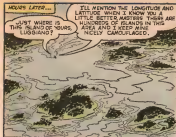


A TUGBOAT?

SURE. IF A FREIGHTER LAUNCHED A TUGBOAT AT NIGHT OUTSIDE THE CITY THE TUG COULD ENTER THE HARBOR WITHOUT ATTRACTING ATTENTION. THE HARBOR IS CHOKED WITH TUGS, DAY AND NIGHT.

MASTERS, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A JOB! IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING WHERE WE'RE GOING, I STORE MY MERCHANDISE ON A LITTLE ISLAND. THE CUBAN AUTHORITIES ARE SOMEWHAT DIFFICULT, TOO, YOU SEE.









AND IN MEANS, JOHN INSISTS ALMOST MEETS HIS GOAL!

200 GRAND FOR A MILLION-DOLLAR LOAN! SCHULTZ CAN'T PAY THE BALANCE... HE'S DEAD! BUT YOU'RE GOING TO PAY IT-- WITH YOUR LIFE!

WILL YOU SHUT UP AND HEAR ME OUT! THAT \$200,000 IS PROFIT, NOT LOSS! I DIDN'T GIVE HIM THE HEROIN! IT'S STILL IN THE HOLD!



WHAT?

ALL WE GOT WAS BICARBONATE OF SODA! I WASN'T GIVING HIM THE DEAL, STUPID! UNTIL I SAW THE BEST OF THE LOUGH! I'M NOT CRAZY!



MASTERS, YOU'RE REMARKABLE! FROM NOW ON YOU'RE TOP MAN IN THIS OUTFIT! NEXT TIME! I'M SHUNNED FOR EVER DOUBTING YOU! BUT I'LL KEEP NO RECORDS FROM YOU FROM NOW ON!



TALKING ABOUT THE ISLAND, IT'S A PERFECT SPOT FOR A CELEBRATION! I'M GOING TO THROW YOU A SHINGO! YOU'LL NEVER FORGET! WINE, WOMEN AND SONG...THE WORKS!

SUITS ME, BOSS!



A FEW DAYS LATER AT THE ISLAND HIDEOUT...

THIS IS THE LIFE, EN MAJESTY?

YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL THERE, BOSS?

HOW COULD SOMEONE EVER BE ANGRY WITH YOU? I LOVE YOU, SAILOR BOY! NEED ME?



THEN SUDDENLY...

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, ALL OF YOU! GET YOUR HANDS UP!

POLICE!

WHY!

WHAT THE...

EH!





José LUGGANO and his henchmen received stiff jail sentences. After a desperate prison escape which cost the lives of two guards, José LUGGANO was recaptured and sentenced to death on the gallows.

CRIME MUST PAY  
 THE PENALTY!

# New Reducing "Miracle"

## "DROPEX" REDUCING COCKTAIL

(Reduces Excessive Appetite)

**Proved by Doctors to Reduce Weight  
9 lbs. in 4 weeks . . . 15 lbs. in 2 months !**

— by Reducing Desire to Overeat

**Clinical Tests Prove Use of  
"DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail  
Resulted in Weight Losses  
Averaging 2 lbs. per week**

*By curbing  
desire to  
overeat.*



**EXPLANATION  
WEIGHT LOSS  
OF NORMAL  
OVERWEIGHT  
PEOPLE EXIST**

If you are overweight due to overeating and want to lose 9 to 15 pounds, try "DROPEX." Just add a dropperful of the new "DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail to your favorite drink before each meal and let "DROPEX" curb your excessive appetite.

"DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail has been proven by doctors who tested it on a group of normal overweight men and women. The doctors' tests showed a safe, steady reduction of weight every week with "DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail. Average losses were 9 lbs. in 4 weeks and 15½ lbs. in 2 months.

Naturally, weight losses vary in individual cases. In clinical tests "DROPEX" was consistently successful. "DROPEX" may not be consistently successful in all cases, but you take no risk in trying "DROPEX" on our Money Back Guarantee. You have nothing to lose but fat—so easily, so safely, so pleasantly.



"DROPEX" is new and different . . . pleasant, tangy taste.

**In Doctors' Tests "DROPEX" Users Lost Average of 2 Pounds Per Week**

—Without Special Diets  
—Without Starvation

"DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail was carefully tested in a group of overweight men and women. The results from taking "DROPEX" indicated the doctors' surprising the tests, as well as the overweight men and women. Many of the people who used "DROPEX" had used other products without success but with "DROPEX" the average weight loss was 2 pounds a week over an eight week period.

All the overweight persons did was to add a dropperful of "DROPEX" to their favorite drink before each meal. No diets or special eating plans were prescribed. The doctors estimated the plan already lost of weight added to the use of "DROPEX" which curbed the excessive appetite.

### MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

We guarantee your money back if "DROPEX" does not reduce your weight WITHOUT ANY SPECIAL DIETS!



**ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FROM ANYTHING  
YOU HAVE EVER TRIED!**

Add "DROPEX" to fruit or vegetable juice, soft drinks, alcoholic beverages or plain water.



**"DROPEX"**  
REDUCING  
COCKTAIL **\$2.98**

Cut out coupon now as a reminder to get "DROPEX"

### CHARM COMPANY INC.-6

425 Madison Ave. New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me ..... bottles of Droplex Reducing Cocktail, at \$2.98.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman plus postal charges.  
☐ I enclose payment. You pay postage.  
☐ Send 3 bottles for \$8.93 (1 free when you buy 2).

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

# DO YOU NEED MONEY?



**NOEL, BELAIRE  
FEATURED CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT**  
25 Assortment, random including  
red & gold, gold doming, red velvet,  
lavender and others



**FUN & PLENTY  
CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT**  
Marvel animated cards with original  
colours, pop-ups, unique felt and  
novelty cutouts—includes  
single balls and 20 photos



**GOOD  
CHRISTMAS  
GIFT WRAPPING  
ASSORTMENT**  
25 large multi-color  
22 x 30" sheets in a  
beginning variety  
of this year plus  
envelopes, cards  
and gift tags



**BEST OF  
CHRISTMAS  
ASSORTMENT**  
Many beautiful  
religious cards  
with Scripture text  
quotations



**PARTY REMEMBRANCE  
STATIONERY ASSORTMENT**  
Cheerful Party design,  
dainty scalloped borders,  
fitted card



**FAVORITE  
ALL OCCASION  
ASSORTMENT**  
Exquisite birthday  
gift tags, cards of  
various beauty and design



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only 50 boxes of  
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line. And this can be done  
in a single day. Free samples.  
Other leading boxes  
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